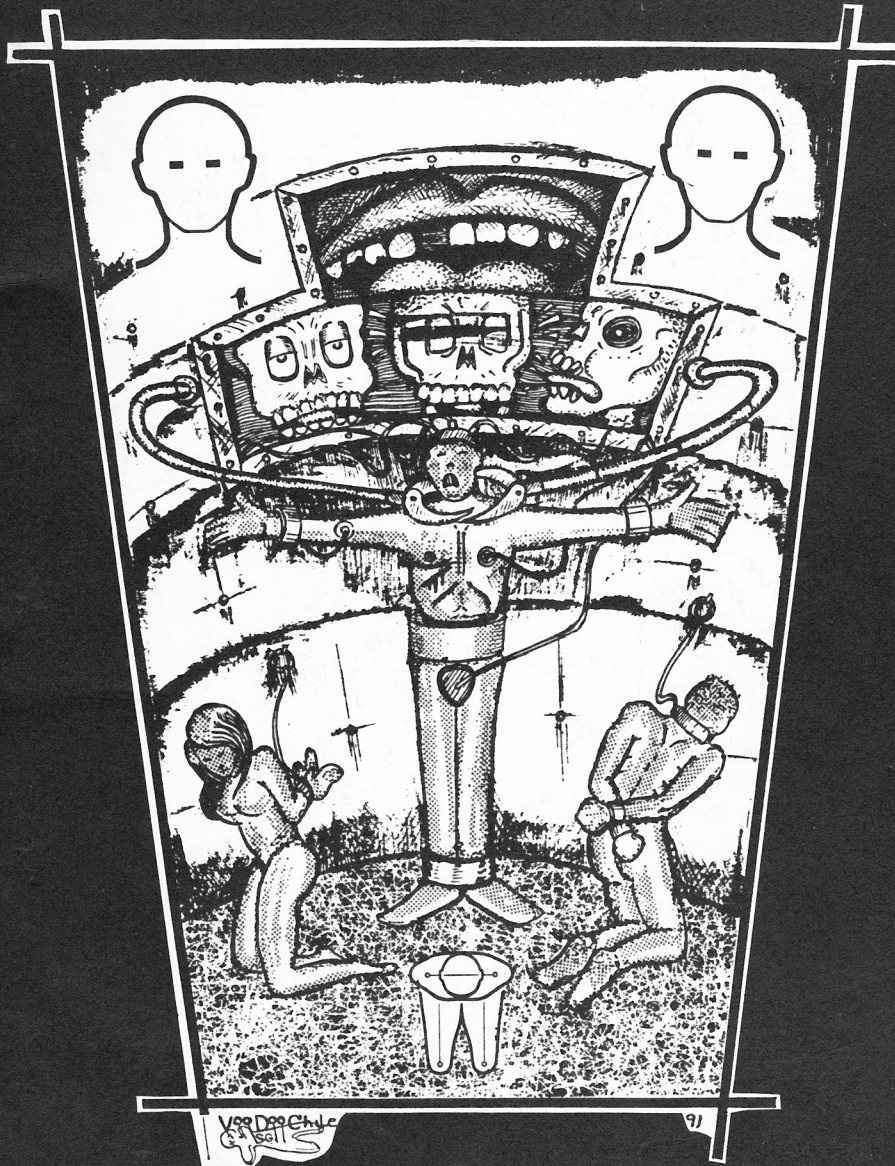


KOMOTION International



LIVE & KICKING #2

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ILLUSIONS OF STRENGTH IN THE TIME OF THE DOMINATOR

We all knew they were lying. The media always lies. But does that mean we know the truth? Millions of us took to the streets to oppose the war machine. But does that mean "the enemy of our enemy is our friend?" We oppose the injustice, the intolerance, the inhumanity of the "New World Order." But does that mean we have a vision of a just, tolerant and humane society with which to fight and ultimately replace it?

On both sides of the line strength is defined as coercive force, the more you have, the stronger you are. On both sides of the debate, truth is defined as that which serves your interest. Facts, history, contradiction be damned, if it supports your position it is true. On both sides the rules are the same – and playing by those rules we cannot win.

The end of a millennia is approaching

We all knew they were lying. The media always lies. But does that mean we know the truth?

and, with it, the end of the bloodiest century in the history of our species. But if it is to be the end of the way things are and the beginning of a fundamentally different kind of society we are going to have to penetrate the walls of illusion that have been erected to imprison the truth about what it means to be human.

First of all, must we accept the categories we are assigned to from the day we are born? Is it our ethnicity, our sexuality, our generation that defines us? Or are these definitions drummed into our heads by those who have for so long and so successfully divided and conquered? Are the multi-national corporations really the champions of internationalism? Are we to be reduced to warring tribes fighting over crumbs from the masters' table? Do we allow our identities to be shaped in the same mold as those who

benefit from our suffering? Me, my nationality, my country, my generation, my sexual orientation, my suffering, my victimization, my property, ME! The empowerment that derives from these categories is the booby prize of history. You're a loser, a conquered, enslaved race, an outcast from the body politic. Now gather together and in direct imitation of the hierarchy that places you on the bottom erect a hierarchy of the oppressed that places you on the top! What a victory . . .

**Its guts are so clogged by
dogma and doctrine,
orthodoxy and political
correctness that it can't
see that it is being left
behind by the currents of
history.**

Of course, people of all kinds, from every corner of the world, have risen up against their tormentors. This is as inevitable as day following night. But listen carefully to the rhetoric of revolution. Examine the symbols of revolt. Think of the emotions evoked in your heart by the icons of rebellion. Why is it that the image that so frequently comes to mind is that of the young man, defiant? The young warrior, inflamed by the passion of his ideals, brazenly attacking the corrupt, old men no longer fit to rule. David and Goliath. Jesus and the moneychangers. Bob Dylan. Huey Newton. Johnny Rotten. Chuck D. Might it not be that an important aspect of this recurring theme is that it is really the son rising against the father to reinvigorate the

social order? Isn't it possible that the reason the Masters of War could co-opt and divert the struggle that produced that great song is because the young men who led and symbolized it did not pose a basic threat to the system but were actually fueling its continued existence?

The system is patriarchy. The rule of men and, more specifically, the father. The "world historic conquest of the female sex", as Engels put it, began about

10,000 years ago and took about 5,000 years to complete. With it came conquest, unknown to human society before, and characteristic of it ever since. It took a long time, but eventually the females of our species were transformed from full participants in human endeavor into fully the property of the males. To this day, in most of the world, wives are legally their husbands' possession. In custom and in religious doctrine it is enshrined. Even in the so-called democracies of the US and Europe, women can be beaten, raped, even murdered by their husbands who will enjoy the full protection of the law. The state, which is the symbol and guardian of patriarchy, has the power to decide whether abortion is legal, what contraception is legal,

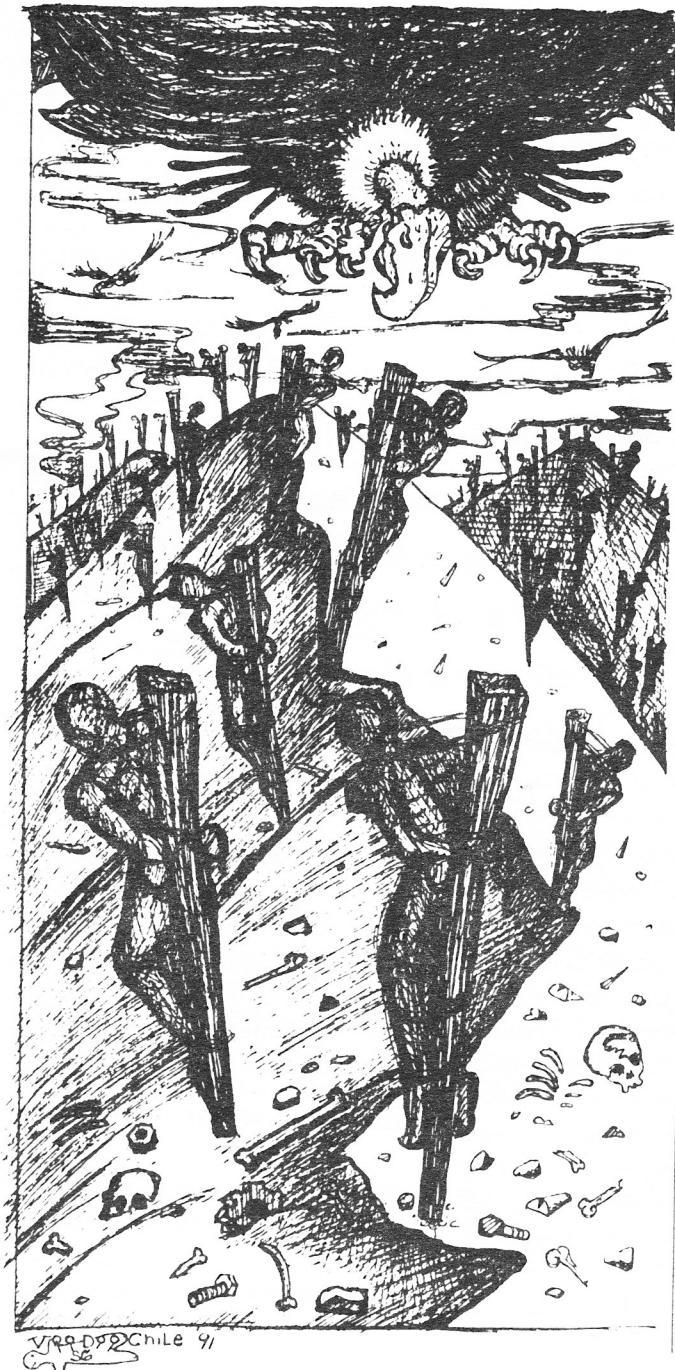
in other words, to control the reproduction of the species.

And yet, when we were out in the streets opposing the latest patriotic, that is patriarchic, war, most of the rhetoric, no matter how militantly attacking injustice, failed to mention this most basic injustice even though we had a classic historic opportunity to do so. In fact, I heard speakers upholding Saddam Hussein and Islam as embodying the aspirations of the oppressed. I heard the tired rhetoric of constituencies, trotted out after 20 years in the closet, as if nothing had changed, nothing learned. A speaker for each nationality, each religious group, each profession, blah, blah, blah. It made me feel like the opposition needs to take a big shit! Its guts are so clogged by dogma and doctrine, orthodoxy and political correctness that it can't see that it is being left behind by the currents of history. By failing to recognize the underlying causes of war and relegating so-called "women's issues" to subordinate status, the left (or movement, or opposition, whatever) is actually helping to perpetuate old forms of struggle and mythologies of resistance that are not going to liberate anyone.

The opportunity presented by this particular war is the opportunity of this age. Look where it took place. Look at what has been discovered in recent years about the societies that existed there before patriarchy. Look at how the evidence has only been able to be ad-

equately understood when the people studying it shed the blinders of male-dominant prejudice. Look at the origins of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, the law-givers of male rule. Look at how an oppressed people, the jews, can become an oppressing, nation state; a just struggle being turned into the perpetuation of injustice. Look at the position of women in all this.

On the one hand, the "backward" Saudis who won't let women drive. On the other, the "enlightened" Americans who will. Wow! We'll even get women to fight and die for the Fatherland. (Well, you wanted equal rights, didn't you?!?) Meanwhile, back at the ranch, people are chanting "Bring Our Troops Home!", when the truth is, they're not our troops and this ain't our home. Those were the troops of the Brotherhood of the Male Order and if we don't start viewing this whole planet as our home and stop believing the bullshit about countries and nations, that they've taught us, then we're living in a fool's paradise. In fact, if we don't stop viewing strength in terms of size and numbers, in terms of our ability to force our will upon others, we are already defeated. If we don't stop viewing truth and knowledge as a political tool to be bent and molded to fit any demagogues' platform, or for that matter our own private prejudices, we are already doomed. If we continue to exalt the young male warrior who, though full of the life-giving sexual force of nature, is also full of the cruelty and viciousness



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of the conquistador, we will find ourselves, at best, spectators to the endless proliferation of the World League of American Football!

Instead, we must empower ourselves with the quest for knowledge of the world as it really is, not as it is convenient or comforting to believe. We must demand of those who would call themselves our leaders, particularly those who strike the militant poses, what social vision they would have us fight for—not just what we're to fight against. Furthermore, we

have to recognize that politics is the struggle for power and, therefore, its usefulness is limited, at best. Far more significant is the struggle to create and to educate. In the arts, in the sciences, in education we are stronger and the patriarchy is weaker. This is precisely because ours is the strength of creation, not of destruction; of nourishing and illuminating, not of lording over and mystifying; of cooperative effort not of self-aggrandizement and domination.

We must resist being drawn into battle on their terms and fighting with their

weapons. Ends must be expressed in the means because the means always shape the ends. Our actions must embody the kinds of social relations we want the world to share. Rebellion must include the reclaiming of joy and

the celebration of life. Suffering must not be the only measure of commitment. Martyrdom for "the cause" perpetuates the cause of martyrdom. What kind of future is projected by somber faced militants afraid to smile lest they betray weakness?!? Is it not the mentality of the Top Gun that mocks

love and tenderness? Mutual assured destruction is not the basis for the mutual respect to which healthy human beings aspire. In doing battle with the forces of the dominator we must not give them their most effective weapon: the domination we inflict on ourselves.

— Matt Callahan

WAR STORIES

I left this country two weeks before the war began, and returned about two weeks after it "ended." Like everyone else, I watched CNN footage of the bombing over the Baghdad sky, except it was on TV in Lima, Peru.

The night it started I sat alone in my room, trying to comprehend what it meant to have this war really begin. It felt strange to be out of San Francisco, where I knew the streets would be full and the voices loud. But, I thought to myself, at least I won't be chased around and beat up by cops. It'll be interesting to see how it affects people here.

Travelling around with a video camera in Latin America, I knew it was likely I would have some experiences with the "authorities." I did have to pay them at times to pass control points, and I got reprimanded for filming in a security area of Panama — where the invasion bombing took place. But it was in Mexico where the police actually used the pretext of the war to chase me around, beat me up, and try and steal my video camera.

After filming traditional folk music, dance and community organizing in the Andes and amazon areas of Peru, I arrived in Mexico just as carnival time was starting. It was a sort of culture shock. Nearly

everyday there was a parade of "cow-boys" and horses through the streets, ending at night with bullfights, drinking and music. For two weeks straight everyone is partying, drinking beer, and supposedly honoring the local saint.

I was staying with a Mexican friend of mine in Colima, a city of about 300,000 near Guadalajara. We went with friends one night to film the carnival events. That particular night the taxi drivers did a parade where they all dress in drag. It's actually a pretty funny spectacle, they get very into it, and so does the crowd. After this, everyone heads down to the stadium for the bullfights. They don't kill them until the last night. First they just play with them and swing the red cape around in their Spanish outfits. The people applaud wildly, they love it.

By this point everyone is very hyped up, so they head across the street to the outdoor terraces to drink beer and listen to music. We put the camera away and followed the crowd.

By about 1:30 we were ready to leave, so we walked out towards the parking lot. One of my friends had to talk to someone, so he walked away for a few minutes. My other friend was carrying the camera bag, and we were just stand-

ing there waiting, smoking a cigarette and talking.

All of the sudden six big men walk up to us and say we need to "come over here." At first we think they are telling us something about our friend. But then we say wait, "who are you? what do you want?" Without answering they immediately grabbed us forcefully and started to push us towards a white pick-up truck. They were trying to pull my camera bag off my friend, and I started to really freak out. My heart was already racing. They're trying to rob us, or kidnap us! What the hell is going on. I instinctively grabbed onto my camera bag, which is still over the shoulder of my friend — and I never let go of it. They lifted him up into the truck. I was screaming in Spanish for help, but the crowd just watched. someone yelled "I think they're police." Even if they are police, I thought to myself, they're not going to rob me.

It took three of them to lift me into the

truck, but then I jumped back out again. because I was still hanging onto my camera bag, I wasn't all the way out of the truck either. Right at that moment the truck took off with me flying halfway in and halfway out. I was screaming so much they didn't go very far, and they stopped.

One of them who seemed like the boss said, "We're police, just come with us."

"Show me your identification," I scream. So he did. *Judiciales.*

"Well you're not fucking acting like police. You're totally violating our rights, what the hell do you think you're doing?" I was speaking in English now.

"We're doing an investigation."

"Of what?"

He had no answer. I looked up and saw they had handcuffed my friend to my camera bag. I looked the boss angrily in

Enrique de la Mora, quien explicó...
ambos pretendieron subirlos con violencia a la camioneta cuya descripción corresponde a las de...
aría de...
cintas).
presunto

Denuncian Abuso y Prepotencia de la PJE

Judiciales del Estado Agreden a Reportera Norteamericana de TV en Villa de Álvarez
Señores de mala educación, groseros y autoritarios a quienes hay que dar cara a ETV, CAG y Compañía de Derechos Humanos

EXTRA

Segunda edición de ECOS DE LA COSTA

Director Regional: Socorro Gómez Carvajal

Director: Socorro Gómez Carvajal

La Judicial Agredió a una Periodista de E.U.

En Marzo Próximo del Molón en Ivitoh

En la foto, quien supuso...
...a la camioneta cuya...
...a las de...
...a las de...
...a las de...

the eyes. Then I opened my bag and took my camera out.

"I work for American television. This is my camera, and you're not taking me or my camera anywhere."

They were clearly confused now, but right at that moment the driver decided to take off with my friend and my bag, leaving me with my camera by the side of the road. My other friend had come back in time to see this crazy ending, and he got us a car to follow the truck. They went about two blocks and turned around and came back.

They had gone through my bag and asked my friend why we resisted so much. "She's an American reporter" he said, "that's her camera and we thought you were robbing us."

"Tell her we made a mistake, we're sorry But if you go the press with this we're going to kick your ass."

When they came back they couldn't have been more apologetic. "Oh we hope you don't get a bad impression of the police here. We're really sorry. You see with the war going on we have to watch for terrorism. You could have had a bomb in your bag."

"What! That's ridiculous. You had absolutely no right to attack us the way you did. You never asked us for identification, or to see what was in the bag, or tell

us you were police."

They gave me my bag back sheepishly, trying to make it ok so I wouldn't complain and get them in trouble. They were just starting to realize the mistake they made.

The next day I went with my friend, who happens to work with television in Colima, to visit the press. Even with the threats made by the police we felt it was better, and maybe even more protection to expose them. That afternoon our story and picture was on the front page of the Extra edition of the biggest daily, and in two other papers the next day. That night I was interviewed on the local television news.

We ended up creating quite a stir. The police had to make a written response, and there were several editorials written about it. After that people even came up to me on the street to thank me for speaking out. They told me their stories of being hassled by the police for no reason, getting their blasters and money stolen, etc . . .

I wish I could have had a video of the whole incident, but I wasn't as lucky as the LA motorist whose experience became world renowned. Still I felt good to make my own contribution to changing the climate of acceptance which allows such abuse to take place.

—Mary Liz Thomson

FLAG DAY

Preface: I wrote the following story on Feb. 20, 1991 at the height of the US offensive against the Iraqi people. Much has changed since that time. Many lives have been shattered and many dreams destroyed.

The all-encompassing heaviness and sorrow that enveloped my entire being, at that time, has transformed into waves of hopelessness and powerlessness when considering the human predicament. I now feel completely disenfranchised and unrepresented. I feel utter contempt towards our political and military leaders. I am not actually able to make a distinction between our political and military leadership. They appear to be one and the same.

I feel like a stranger in a strange land. It appears that Americans really do enjoy being Number One when it comes to winning, dominating, conquering, and bloodshed. I am not a good United States citizen.

The only thing I can look forward to as a citizen of the United States is the inevitable dissolution of the power structure of the Federal Government and the subsequent secession of California from the Union.

So now here's my story. I hope you'll enjoy.

It is late in February 1991. The war rages on. I am still a pacifist. I am still among the vast minority of American Citizens who dares to speak against the war effort. I still do not believe in the use of violence as a way to conflict resolution.

This is a dark hour. Hopefully the darkest hour is, in fact, right before the dawn. This action that my country has taken, against the peoples of the Middle-East, will be a blemish in the history of humanity. It will earn its' place right alongside the Conquistadors' slaughtering of the Aztec and Inca civilizations, right alongside the Christian Crusades,

and right alongside the Nazi attempted genocide against the Jewish people.

My pacifism is truly being put to the test. Sometimes I think that a flashing neon sign that reads: "I am an anti-war peace activist" is hovering just above my head wherever I go. While standing in lines shopping, stopping for a beer at the corner pub, attending birthday parties, people seem to be able to tell, without hearing a word from my mouth, that I must be against this 'just war.' People are often comfortable with being confrontational towards me to put me on the defensive.

Times have changed. It used to be that you needed an evil, intense, and charismatic figure like 'Adolph Hitler' to rally the masses into hateful, blind, nationalistic fervor. I can't give George Bush that much credit. He is certainly evil and he is intense but he is not charismatic. Maybe the media has replaced Adolf Hitler. Maybe the media is Adolf Hitler.

Somebody opened Pandora's Box and in it was dormant Racism and Nationalism Larvae, along with enough United States flags for every man, woman, child and **automobile!** Two Flags For Every Boy! A Flag In Every Garage! A Flag A Day Keeps The Peace Away! **It's Flag Day every day in the U.S.A.!!**

Sorry, I got a little carried away. In closing I will add: I am the one who refused to register with the Selective Service when I turned 18. I am the one who resists the draft. I am the one who will resist conscription. I am the one who may be imprisoned for what I believe. I am the one who will not voluntarily contribute money to the IRS Death Machine Collection Agency. I am the one who calls for the resignation, and or, removal from office of the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary of Defense. I am the one who calls for the dismantling of the Pentagon, the CIA, the IRS, and the FBI and I call for the instituting of a truly civilian government.

If these demands are not met. . . .

— Josef Brinckmann

THE PAINTED WORD

As an isolated act, street art may serve a small purpose as an outlet or as a consciousness-raising hit. A group can change thinking radically just by moving in a coordinated manner. The Army is not a negative principle in its original form (the I Ching hexagram implies community and stability).

Painted words in the street disturb the one-dimensional vise-grip that signs and advertising have imposed on our vision as we travel. More than a soundbite, a series of statements with development can open the mind, release thought and liberate wonder in the urban word mess. The messages and images contain fresh information/imagination. There is some great art on the sidewalks, stenciled forever. I've seen a Rimbaud image, black on a yellow background; multicolored Contraband painting and the perennial "DEAD MEN DON'T RAPE". When "let us see the dead" appeared on Market Street during the Oil War, one person was sure that it meant the Grateful Dead!

BURMASHAVE signs are rhyming plugs for drivers. The "newspaper walls" of China once contained information, opinions and sometimes comments from the people. What we are seeing here are the scribbles of a desperate dying being; America and her splintered resistance. We are also seeing the colors and language of a culture just being born.

What is happening on the streets will adapt to the narrowing of the media and grow more vigorous when the media takes chances again. The closed, censored stories and their unpleasant aspects will be recorded on the walls, not just on videotape.

Questions are being asked where everyone can see, whether or not the answers are clear. What is reflected is the dissatisfaction with what masquerades as reality; the little compromises of truth that become the chain links of nightly news.

If people close down and become upset at the "vandalism" of the painted word, they can return to the TV networks and morning papers for a more predictable picture.

I'm looking forward to some wild brave communications where the eye meets the surface of what is just an extension of the Earth; these fake stones, monochromatic and flat. We are not going away. We are bringing down new ideas, beauty and a challenge to the straight line of bulldozer thoughtforms. These are hieroglyphics of loss and betrayal, image/songs of resistance and rebirth, all part of an ancient drama with roots in the pogroms as well as the caves of Lascaux.

– Carlo Oudman

Naturally the common people don't want war . . . but after all it is the leaders of a country who determine the policy, and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in every country.

– Hermann Goring

BIG JIM LINDSTROM

1942 - 1991

A memorial happening was held for Big Jim at Klub Kornotion, an artists' collective in San Francisco with which Jim was closely associated in the last five years of his life. About 50 of Jim's many friends, as well as his father, attended. Statements were read from his mother and grandmother, and several friends unable to attend. There was also a statement from his wife Judy, who is dying of cancer. There was an open microphone, and numerous friends spoke of their experiences with Big Jim. Several friends made poetic or musical contributions—a fitting tribute for a man with such a poetic soul. An audio tape of the memorial is available for \$8 (see below).

Jim was writing poetry profusely in the last months of his life, and there is a

project to publish this in a nice, printed booklet. One or more tapes of Jim reading his own poetry are in process.

Jim's surviving family and friends are trying to safeguard and preserve his tapes, and vast library of records. Helpful suggestions are requested.

Judy is confined to the home. Call her at (415) 548-0105.

Jim's friends were many, and we are trying to handle this in an organized way. Please check as indicated and return this to me:

Chris Kinder
2263 B Park Blvd
Oakland CA 94606

☐ Please send me the tape of the memorial (2 tapes, \$8 — proceeds, if any, will go toward the poetry book and record preservation)

☐ I am interested in the poetry book - here is my contribution toward printing.

☐ I am interested in voice tapes of Jim. Please keep me informed.

Name & address: _____

Remember... hug a friend today for Big Jim



"I'm just a soul
whose intentions are good;
O Lord please don't
let me be misunderstood."

- Eric Burdon & the Animals

The following is one of the statements made at Big Jim's memorial. At this point Jim's death was considered to be a suicide. Recently, a hearing was initiated because the cause of death seems to have been aggravated by (if not resulting from) a police beating to subdue him while he was trying to make it to a friend's house for help . . .

Big Jim . . . someone who spent his whole life doing things for other people . . . so much support on all levels, a person you could count on, selfless . . .

In the booking meetings I remember thinking how cool it was to have Big Jim involved — turn him loose with his ideas (not many of which panned out, but it didn't matter.) I thought it was a real test of other bands and such when he would approach them to play — not some DNA, black leather, circle A anarchist — just himself, his big heart and smile and energy. He embodied Komotion in that way — getting to the essence, not judging on superficial stuff.

The tears come and go . . . Jim had such an effect on our lives, in so many ways. Now I can only imagine all the things I *thought* there was time for — the Komotion dinners and events, being invited over to dinner, more arguments, holiday parties, presents and poems . . . a well loved person and he knew it.

Placing blame seems pointless now, but I do think the "Deathculture" has claimed a victim. How do you sum up a life's experience or a society's impact? Was it the Navy and its abuses — trying to destroy an intelligent, sensitive person through psychological terror and experi-

mental drugs? It was that and everything about a culture whose values are completely upside down. If you're too sensitive, too big hearted, too loving, do you just get crushed?

We *here*, have no God, we have no religion, we have no country, we have no place. All we really have is the strength of our ideals, which beat within our hearts and are inseparable from living. And we have each other, the community that gives us the strength to continue day after day (and to which Big Jim was devoted.)

One day last week, during my most despairing moment for Jim, I started to feel . . . something else. It might seem strange to say this, but at the very depths of sadness and depression it was like something flipped to the other side, and I started to feel *joy* — the joy of pure life, of breathing, being alive, being a part of whatever this is, the fucking sun filling the world with light and all the teaming life on this planet . . . *This is my church* and I do belong. I remembered that T-shirt Big Jim used to wear, with this little guy saying: *There is hope!*

It's too hard to say goodbye . . . we will miss you so very much . . .

Robin Banks

Why can't you see the Death?

Are you blind?

Are you deaf? It's all around you

I shout it right through you.

Still you don't see.

You're here. I'm here. It's here.

I'm different. You're different.

You say I'm the same.

You treat me the same — like I don't matter.

After all, you need things.

And still you don't see the Death.

It eats me. It sends its razor wire right through me.

It terrifies me. It tears me . . . and I don't wake up.

He'll never wake up.

I don't want to wake up. So what?

I'll wake up, I'll wake up.

But it's not me. It's him not being there.

He was there, and I didn't know it.

Now I know it. Now I know it.

But then I don't know, because I can't ask him.

You could always ask him.

He'd know. Why you could see the Death.

I never knew. Never, never.

Why can't you see the Death?

You don't try to wake it up, and then try to walk out on it!

You don't, you just don't

You poke me, I feel nothing

You poke me, I feel pain.

I'm not the same.

Will you be the same, or different?

Why are you different when you're the same?

Why are you?

Why can't you see the Death?

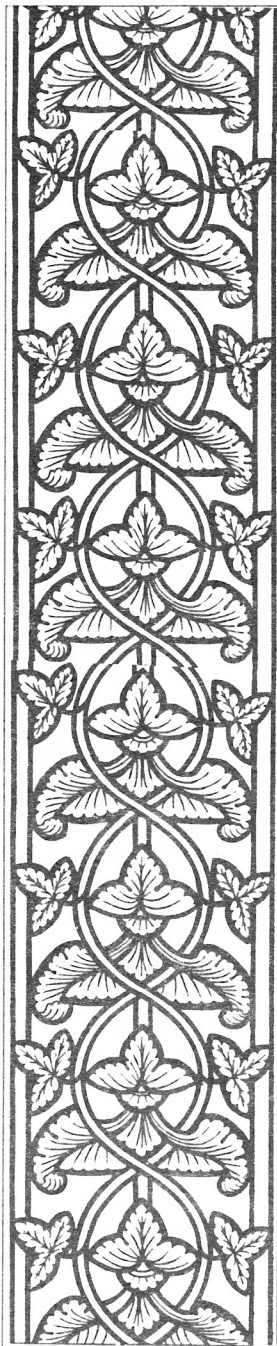
You're looking right at me

—Doc Small

"FIRST SPEAK"

by ~~ADAR~~

LIKE SAD FISH OUT OF WATER,
PEOPLE CRYING FOR FREEDOM
FROM THE CORNUCOPIA - THE PRIMORDIAL SEA -
WE BOND IDEAS TOGETHER
COMRADES AND ENEMIES EVOLVING
THO LIKE SOME GHOST OR LLORONA
MANY CAN'T DO A SNAKEWALK
UNTIL THEY HEAR THE WIND
FROM THE MOUNTAINS - NOW -
TO THE FLAME OR BEACON
AND THE DANCE OF LIFE - CHANGE -
THE TIME IS NOW.
CONSCIOUS OF THEN AND FOREVER
REMEMBERING HOW LUCKY WE ARE
FOR OUR HOPE TO DRAW ON,
CONTINUING HERE A SNAKEWALK



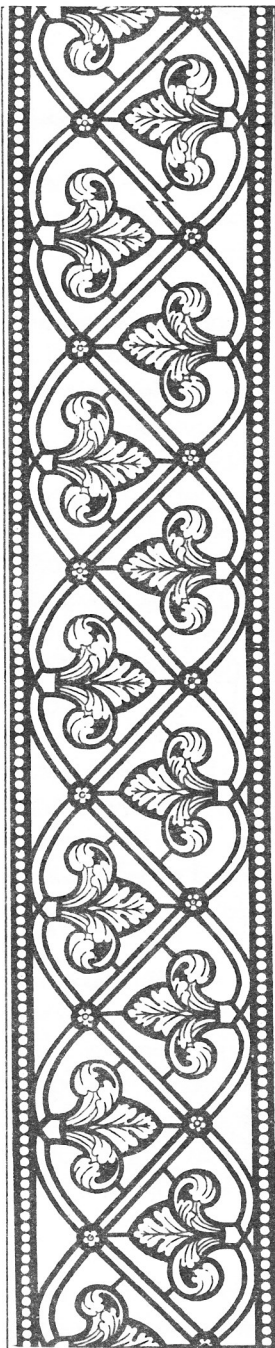
THE SPLIT

She lay on her half of the bed, curled up into herself like a pill bug, trying to shake off the cold of his small, sparse room. She had to remind herself there was a man lying next to her, with his back to hers, now little more than a memory, for his motionless form hardly revealed its presence under the thin blankets. It was difficult to believe five years of friendship were embodied in that weightless, indifferent heap.

The soft area near her heart that had seemed to expand and pulsate with life earlier in the evening felt as if someone had plunged into her chest again and ripped off the skin around it. She wiped the clear film of water from her nose and cheeks and stared at the stars through the high glass window. Whenever she looked at the night sky now she thought of the air strike. Somewhere out there the same sky that had offered her respite during the recent stream of lonely nights was raining down terror on thousands of tired people. The States had begun bombing only a week ago, the terrible news still a fresh wound in the consciousness of the world.

She shifted her thoughts to his warm little kitchen where only a few hours ago they sat sipping wine and catching up on their respective lives, Silvio Rodriguez' sweet voice on the crackly phonograph and the evening still ripe with promise. She tried to remember how safe she had felt as she had watched the steam from the pot of chicken lick the windows, sealing them off from the rest of the world.

She had wondered then what it would be like to make love with him, whether he would ask her to



spend the night. She could never figure him out. When she had told him why she had broken off her relationship with Julio, he had said,

"When are you going to stop going after men who treat you badly? A woman as intelligent as you . . . Why don't you find someone who can really love you?" The way his brown eyes had softened as he looked into hers seemed to tell her he wanted to be that man and she had felt something tugging like a weight at her heart.

"Julio loved me. But sometimes love isn't enough," she tried to explain.

"What do you mean? If two people love each other there is no problem," his eyes were dancing with life.

She lit up a cigarette self-consciously and held it away from him.

"I don't know. Sometimes something prevents people from feeling the love they have for each other . . . The heart says one thing, the mind, another. It's as if they're split off from each other." She exhaled the smoke, and winced as the nicotine ripped through her like sandpaper and took its effect.

"Is that why you haven't quit smoking?" he asked, turning away from the cloud of bad tobacco. "Or are your lungs and your head in agreement?"

She hesitated. "And you? . . . I always tell you about my love life . . ."

He got up to change the record.

"Are you involved with anyone?" the woman persisted.

He resumed his seat and brushed his black hair back from his smooth, dark face. "No. . . . Just with friends," she thought she heard him say. So often his words remained caught at the back of his throat, a missing stair in the rhythm of the conversation.

Her eyes wandered nervously around the room, grazing the dozens of photographs he had taken and finally alighting on one she hadn't seen before.

"I didn't know you were at the protest Thursday night" she said, gesturing towards the photograph.

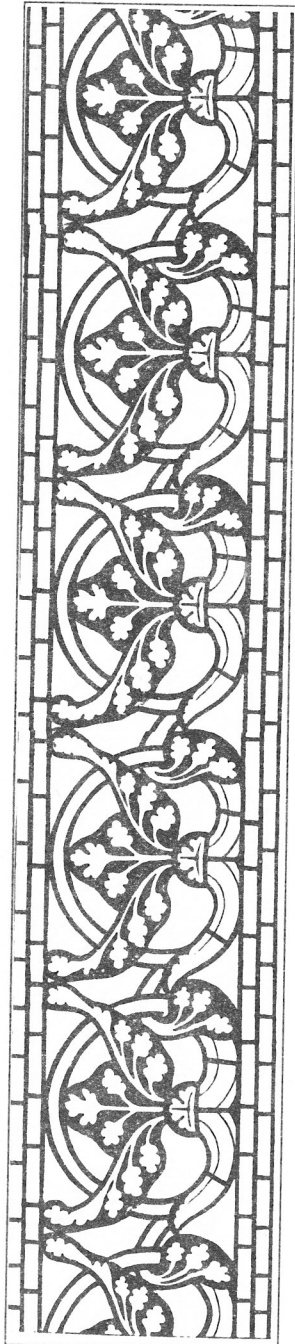
He cleared his throat. "I just stopped by to take some pictures."

She studied the image again. It was difficult to believe that somewhere far into the shadows of the endless procession her cousin was being beaten for trying to drive his car through the march. He hadn't been wearing his glasses and miscalculated the bicyclist's distance as he headed through the large gap in the crowd. The next thing he knew, someone was pounding a bicycle against his windshield, the glass exploding in his face.

"This protester tried to run me over," a voice called to the crowd and they immediately fell upon the driver with insults and blows. When they saw the blood streaming from his forehead they had backed away. The bicyclist waited for some new faces to approach. "This protester tried to run me over," he called, and a fresh onslaught began. Finally a group of protesters who didn't feel particularly inspired by this oppressive vision of their brave new world managed to tear the confused and angry assailants away.

The woman shifted onto her back and adjusted the pillow under her head. The diabolic blue light from





the small black and white television still fluttered restlessly on the ceiling. No wonder she was having trouble falling asleep. The voices that had become just a buzzing in her ear now sounded insistently clear. "*Kick some butt,*" a young male voice was saying. A sharp pain shot through her stomach and the muscles tightened. Gas. Probably the cigarettes.

She sat up quietly and stared at the blue expressionless face of a teenager in an army helmet. She wondered if he realized "kicking butt" meant killing people.

Maybe the boy felt the war was really necessary, that the casualties would prevent more dead, or more suffering in the future. Was this what made it possible for them to kill? That at the moment a soldier was taking aim, he was not looking at a human being at the end of the barrel, but at a theory?

What exactly was that thing that would not allow the soldier see the human being?

On the radio she once heard a woman guerilla describing how she had been tortured. The official had finished raping her when he had received a phone call from his wife. His tone expressed deep affection and concern for her. He told her he loved her and that he'd be home shortly — as if it were an ordinary day at the office.

"The country is heavily divided on this issue . . ." the newscaster's voice startled her. She lifted the covers slowly and quietly made her way over to the set and turned it off. The room was as cold as the mercuric sea at dawn. Hurriedly she slipped back into the covers, instinctually moulding herself around the warm, lifeless body next to her. The feel of her cold skin startled him awake. "Are you alright?" he asked in his usual polite manner.

"Perfect," she smiled, and rolled over on her side. She noticed her jacket lying on the floor next to the bed and debated using it as an extra blanket. Earlier in the evening he had picked it up and studied it.

"You give the impression of being so aggressive, yet on the inside, you are how I've always known you, considerate, loving . . . even — "

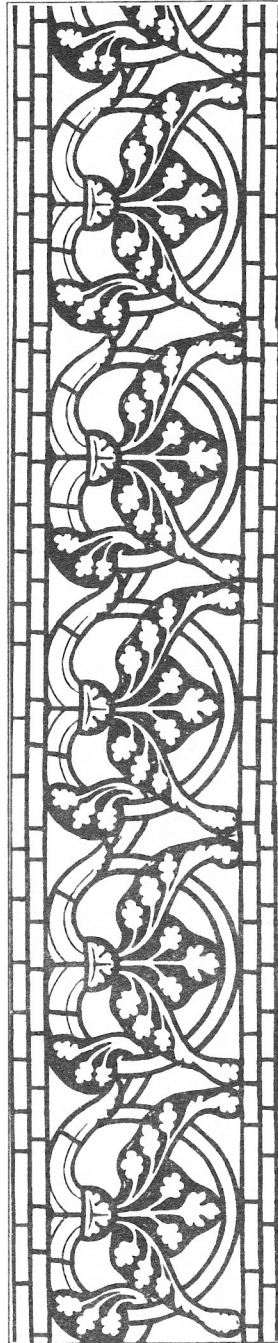
"The opposite, right? Meek," she had admitted. Was that why he was acting so distant? Maybe he had come to realize over the years that she was too "Americanized" for him. Julio had always complained about her aggressive streak. He would attribute it to "the gringo" in her, and any strengths to her Latin roots.

Yet wasn't it right after he commented on her jacket that he had taken her face into his hands and kissed her?

They had fallen upon the bed passionately, their tongues entwining like the flickering flames of a fire, their clothes shedding as easily as the rough weathered skins of a snake. She couldn't remember at what point he had entered her, only that the fierceness of his grip had startled her. Her body had opened to receive him, melted around him, the tender area beneath the soft tissue near her heart suddenly feeling naked, vulnerable. It felt so wonderful to feel his chest against hers, his breath like the long lost home she never wanted to leave.

But the feeling lasted only a moment. Before she knew what had happened, with a single, swift and efficient motion he had turned her over on her stomach, lifted her, and plunged himself inside her from behind.

"Baby," he kept saying, as if she were the quintessential centerfold. Not once during their love making did he stop to look into her eyes.





He came inside her almost instantly after mounting her. She hardly felt him climax. He hadn't made a sound. He simply stopped. A crackled voice-over punctuated the silence, its timing so ironic it seemed to her almost calculated to sensationalize his orgasm.

"It looks like, if you can imagine, a fireworks display over Disney World, and multiply it 100 times. Just a continual sparkling effect...it's continuous...continuous."

Another voice shouting over static: *"As I watched them explode beneath us, it was the most exhilarating sensation I ever felt. An unbelievable high to think that I..."*

He slipped out of her, kissed her on the lips, got up and walked into the bathroom. She wondered if he would begin to make love to her a second time. From behind the closed doors she heard the shower running. She waited for several minutes, allowing the television to distract her. Muted footage of explosions lit the screen.

"This time the country will not be seeing footage of new casualties night after night, as it did during the Vietnam war."

A sensation of heaviness spread outwards from her chest and settled in her stomach. The bathroom door creaked open and she shuddered. He made his way between the sheets. She fell in beside him.

"Do you need anything?" he asked, settling down on his back.

"Yeah, an orgasm," she wanted to say, but she only smiled at him as if nothing.

He kissed her good-night and closed his eyes. She held him until her arm began to fall asleep. Then she turned over, expecting him to wrap himself around her. He didn't.

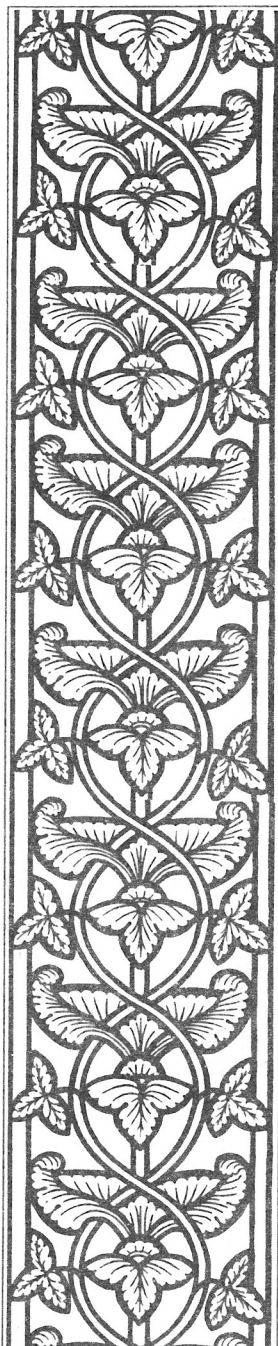
Her sleep was restless. She kept waking up with that feeling she always had the first night of adjusting to a raw, deep wound. The pain was so extensive she felt as if she were poisoning his bed.

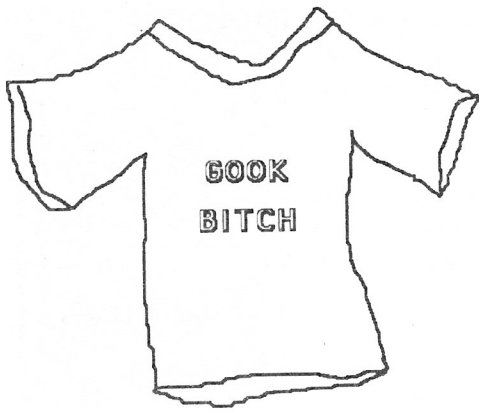
In the morning she thought she finally felt a body stirring next to her, moving in closer. The motion was centered around something hard that began rubbing against her buttocks, carving its way in deeper, towards the fleshy folds of her labia. She turned over and caressed his cheek, looking into his eyes with all the unexpressed affection she had stored for as long as she could remember. The hardness of his penis shrunk away. The man turned, rubbed his hands through his unruly head of hair and sat up.

"Did you sleep alright?" he asked with concern. He read the unenthusiastic expression on her face. "It's difficult to sleep in a strange bed, isn't it?"

The woman paused, "It's not that," she sounded defeated. "It's the war"

— Margot Pepper





DENIGRATE YOURSELF
BEFORE THEY DO



FUCK
SELF
LOVE



DON'T WORRY
BE RESENTFUL

IN HER ARMO(I)R(E) WE FIND HER

Wardrobe for the Modern Korean Woman as (re) defined by her (self)

The process of identification sets up a duality — what we identify with and what we disidentify from. In extreme cases, then, there are those things we want to identify with, merge with, objects of love. Then there are those we disassociate from, are repelled by, objects of hate.

American, that is United States, culture like any culture is full of examples of extreme identification; inclusion at the exclusion and annihilation of others. Unlike the "melting pot" theory/myth, the culture of the U.S. is getting more complex, as in demographics and psychological states. This complexity seems to create fragmentation, and as time goes by identification becomes more and more reductionistic. "Special interests" are becoming more numerous and narrow in focus. By virtue of a special interest being a minority, an Us vs. Them mentality fits in nicely, since a minority reacts against what is perceived as "Dominant Culture" and the

majority attempts to eradicate what is perceived as a threat and disturbance. The question is — how do we break out of the Us vs. Them frame of mind, which has been employed far too often in our history, while not collapsing into homogeneity? How can we appreciate differences and curtail the urge to proselytize? Does "Dominant Culture" even have a right to be dominant, is it even backed by a majority, or does its power stem from our belief that this does reflect the consciousness of a majority?

As a kid, my father had to learn Japanese because of the occupation. Now he gets a twisted sort of satisfaction ordering the waiters and waitresses around in Japanese restaurants in their own language.

Self proclamation is another process of identification. In describing oneself in certain terms, this description can be a manifestation of one's self concept, a

reaction to a cultural stimuli, both, or something else. What are the mechanisms for changing the meaning of descriptions, of words? Does the object of an epithet transform the power and meaning of this epithet by personally adopting it (GOOK, NIGGER, CUNT)? Or are the ideas behind these epithets propagated further, the agents being not only the bigots, for example, but the objects of bigotry?

He told me that Korean women were the most beautiful — he knew because he was there during the war.

Paradox is the rule — unity is not taught in school. Different perspectives constantly appear as what was considered before as similar is revealed to be different, even antagonistic. Antagonism is a mode of differentiation, hence identification. Paradox is also manifest in adopting self-demeaning epithets for self-liberating purposes. The object of hate becomes an active protagonist that responds by adopting the word, transforming the meaning, changing the locale between the word and protagonist.

The ultimate paradox is how opposites are connected. Time and again, it is shown that what is anathema,

repugnant, is also fascinating. The process of disassociation and disidentification creates a backlash within ourselves, a yearning for equilibrium.

They always think I'm Japanese. But they think I consider it a compliment since Jap girls are supposed to be the prettiest. I don't.

Our language is a major force in creating duality in our consciousness. What is the power of these words, their meanings? Where does this power lie? How can communication reflect other states of mind, and how strong and deep can this communication become? In this age of excess the excess of dualities creates fragments. The sheer numbers of these fragments, these perspectives, lend themselves to creating a spectrum of layered consciousnesses not a simplistic duality. Where can we take it from here?

They said that in bars in Hawaii, Korean women can do all kinds of things with their vaginas, like count change and open beer bottles. I want to do that too.

— Selena Whang

POETRY

WAR IN I WANT

He takes my cock
War in Iraq
He takes my cock
War in Iran
He takes my cock
More troops sent over
For no reason (my cock is hard)
War in I Want

He takes my cock
My life in his hands
He takes my cock
I can't understand
Blood on the sand
He takes my cock

He takes my cock
39 dead
He takes my cock
American 'guests'
White power, Black blood stains
The sand on my cock (Civil Rights Bill Vetoed)
Petroleum on my cock

He takes my cock
Tax increase
He takes my cock (it's hard, what do I want?)
My cock has been taken
Chemical warfare suit won't work comforts me
130 degrees = cheaper oil (casualties for comfort and ease)
He takes my cock like a faggot dying to suck
Every last drip of blood (no queers allowed)
(At least don't admit it or tell anyone I fucked you)

Take this billion dollar weapon and kill me and yourself
For cheaper prices at the pump
But don't kiss me or show affection in public
To someone with a cock

He takes my cock
War in Iraq
He takes my cock ("I haven't been fucked in a month")
Sgt. Butch was the last to stick his prick up my ass
But God forbid, No Faggots Allowed
You can die denying, but we'll throw you back if you
(tell a soul) He takes my cock
All Military pay must be reimbursed
If you admit Sgt. Butch likes it up his ass
Like a girl (War in I Want)
He takes my cock
I forgot what I Want
He takes my cock

— J. Guglielmelli 90

THE PRICE OF BLACKNESS

One dashiki.....twenty five dollars \$\$
One turban.....ten dollars & fifty cents
Beads, arm & ankle bracelets.....fifteen ninty nine
On Afro hair-style.....six dollars
(If you don't include spray & conditioner)
Another twenty dollars\$\$\$.....for a pair of imported Nigerian sandals
Seven dollars \$ a month for Swahili lessons
Forty dollars here \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$
Five dollars there \$\$\$\$\$\$
And three dollars \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$
And dollars \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$
And more dollars \$
I guess that's why ther's so many uncle toms
& knee-grows still around
It's too damn expensive to be Black!!!
\$
\$
\$

— Avotcja

DRUM SONG

I could easily become a drum
No big thing
The ultimate ego trip
Did you ever try to sit still
When the drums play
Yeah!
I could easily turn into a drum
Play music so strong
So powerful, so sweet
Snatch folks out of chairs
Make 'em jump for joy
&
Feel good in spite of reality
Come on
Turn me loose
Let me be a drum
If you dare

— Avotcja

Avotcja, Puerto Rican poet, storyteller and musician, hosts a regular music show on KPFA and KPOO, teaches poetry to children for California Poets in the Schools and is the author of "Oh, Yeah," "La Voz Boricua," and the soon-to-be-published trilingual (counting "Spanglish") "Pura Candela—Pure Fire." Her fine spoken word/music tape, "Has Anyone Heard My Song," is now available.

NEWS 'N' REVIEWZ



As we wrap up this issue (in recycled fishskin), the times are unsteady and full of promise. Soon it will be the Summer after the Summer before the War, the not-so-great war still lingering in black goo around the Himalayas and in the recesses of our spirits. The *I-told-you-so* people and the *they can't do this* people still pit their arguments against the relentless Republican recessive repo Government and its hardworking *we don't really have a plan now that it's over* strategies. We kept on, like a tough old dog clamped on to a moving tire, and here's what happened since the last mag hit the streets. . . .

Notes from the Underground . . . When you last heard from us, Klub Komotion was undergoing preparations for World War 3. As anticipated, the invasion arrived on Saturday, October 27th, 1990, (World War III Illustrated, that is!)

The talented and world-weary graphic artists from NY assembled in our hall and

began designing an open-ended cartoon strip that stretched at least 25 feet. As people filtered into the living art gallery they were encouraged to add their own personal touches to the dozens of painted panels that depicted a slew of topical issues mixed with abstract art.

In the main room, **Peter Plate**, the **Assassins of God**, **World Entertainment War** and Oakland's **Apgar Street Crew** forged an alliance of punk, rap, world beat and words to prove we are in the same gang! When the massive canvas was finally considered complete, it was rolled up, and now hangs in Epicenter Zone record store on Valencia Street.

On November 7, **Alternative Pop Night** opened with **Hanna Markus** performing new material, followed by the unpasteurized rant of **Dominique Lowell**. Next up was **O' Dollhead** – a fresh effort by singer/songwriter **Kim Wilkins**, backed up by members of Johnny's Problem. From the East Bay

we had **Laughter in the Rafters** and **Counting the Sky** – both ambitious trios aiming their efforts toward mass appeal.

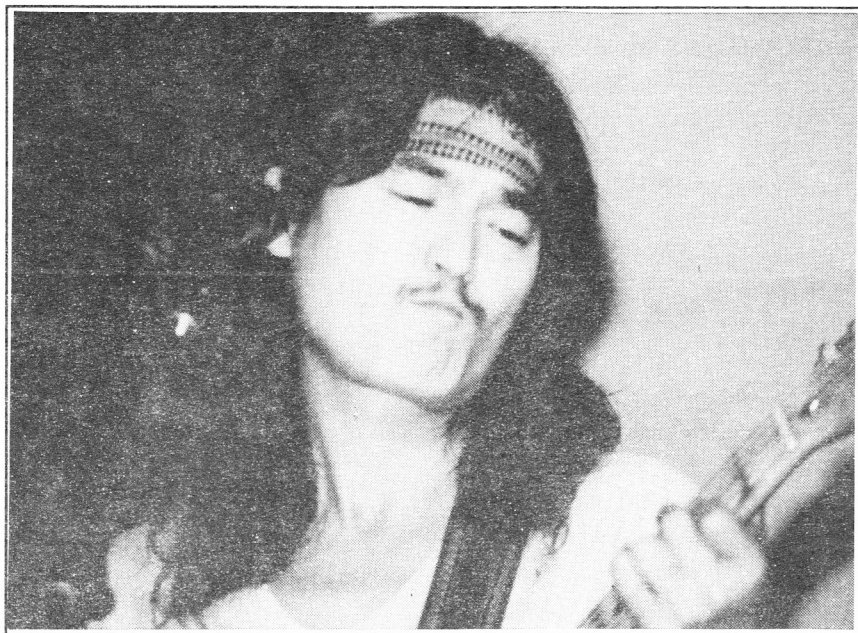
In celebration of the "Live and Kicking at Komotion" tape and magazine, we invited artists whose performances were included on the first cassette installment to appear. Dubbed "**Festival 2779**," in honor of an equally fiscally unsuccessful fiasco held in town at the same time, quite a scene ensued. **Robert Haven** and **Anthony Bryant** laid out some fluid improv sax and drum work. **Keith Hennessey** held some sort of impromptu seminar that traversed a variety of ground, the highlight being lighting audience participants on fire. **Angel Corpus Christi**, though not included on the tape, came down anyway and presented a set of her select standards from bands like X-TAL and Bob Dylan. Augmented by cheez-whiz drum machine patterns and keyboards dusted by touches of fuzzy distorted guitar, her duo create a sonic atmosphere vaguely reminiscent of the German group TRIO or early Laurie Anderson. **Mat** and **Jimmy Looter** did one of their first acoustic shows, which proved to be a highlight of the evening.

Events that feed people have special value! The **La Madre** benefit on No-



Jim Johnson of the Looters

vember 17 provided Mexican food and great entertainment. A group that has since realized their goal of relocating in Mexico, La Madre started with a colorful slide show of South America. Plans were outlined for collective land purchase, solar cooking facilities and a center where we all can visit! In



Po from Ogie Yocha

between chilequiles came poetry/performance by **Flora Campoy** and **Arnold O.** These two delved alternately into the joys and frustrations of negotiating North American life with the volcano hearts of Latin identity. **Markahuasi** strummed and piped a soulful set of Andean huancos and other delights. **Hoi Polloi** rocked the night to a close with some excellent original songs; a white guitar and dancers locked in midnight's embrace. Look for La Madre in San Miguel de Allende, or very close by.

On the **Open House** on November 28 we had two quite different performers. As we had our Wed. night feast, we were entertained by **Le Cactopus**, that's the reknowned French acoustic lounge

version of Cactopus, duh! Later came **Will Knapp**, who played Dylanesque songs with beautiful guitar melodies and poignant life-observing lyrics, drawing in a candle-lit crowd.

Remember winter? A small-but-mighty crowd turned out on December 1 to see **Whack & Dangle** (nice vocal blend!), the **Movie Stars** and **Flop-house**, who managed to heat up the place with some fiery performances.

Evidence has emerged that key people in the U.S. Gov't. had ample warning of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor . . . the where and when. Did we want a dramatic violation of our neutrality? In a commemoration of the

December 7th. event, **Minori Yata and Friends** presented a cultural happening that took artistic aim at new issues. Installed everywhere were hanging doors – a way in? Or out? Suspended choice? **Art for Art's Sake!** (They called it that.) It was a Friday of **G. Bats** doing Asian Metal sophistithrash; **Tamano, Hiroko and Co.** in a beautiful **Butoh** dance, (do you still have the negatives, A.K.?) and **Ogie Yocha** hitting the roots of riddim, getting everybody up and movin' around. An invocation by **Yamato** gave a peaceful intro to the affair. The Korean drumming and Hiroshima poetry balanced the whole thing, the rice rolls beyond compare. Art for Art's Sake recently did another night with much of the same kimoki dojo!

In by 9, in for free read the cards that were handed out to lure unsuspecting victims to **America's Most Unwanted**

Nite on December 15th. This ploy enabled **Big City Orchestra** to hold court from the loft over a partially filled house until it was time for the much-feared . . . **Haters**. A large 6 ft. wide by 6 ft. high pyramid had been erected on the stage, complete with plastic illuminated yule log flickering pleasantly. They came from somewhere in the nether reaches of the building, in black hoods and ski masks, wielding baseball bats and sledgehammers. They stormed the stage, attacking in a ferocious manner and wasting no time in destroying the pile. Decimated into rubble within minutes, all that remained were flying clouds of drywall dust, bits of glass, scraps of torn newspapers, thousands of foam chips and an appreciative audience politely clapping. Then, amidst the rubble, the rest of our assembled cultural criminals climbed carefully onto the stage to do their



Tamano, Hiroko and Co.



Morgan Victor of Conspiracy of Equals

thing. **The Grateful Dead Kennedys** peeled the paint off the walls and blew musical and lyrical chunks with their trademark sonic assault. Lead singer **Fury** was in as fine form as ever, reaching an emotional apex with his thoughtful rendition of "Die, Motherfucker Die." *But Wait, There's More . . .* **Bomb's Michael Dean**, fresh from his unceremonious banishment from the European continent, played

some refreshingly sappy acoustic music, trying desperately to keep a straight face while the audience tried to stay awake. Fortunately a rare torrential downpour held most people captive. Following were the **Homo Truck Drivers**, fresh from I-5, then **National Disgrace** did some folky scratch mixing hellbilly psychedelic muzak while 8 ft. tall dancers in revealing body stockings handed out gift packages of half-eaten restaurant fare. By Wednesday we somehow had the building cleared of most debris and opened the doors once again. A bathroom sink was one casualty (friendly fire? . . .) Thanx to J. Looter for the repair work!

Komotion's annual **Holiday Party** will always remind me of **Big Jim**, because on this day, the Santa-for-all-Seasons would take center stage. I remember seeing even the most angst ridden artists' faces light up when Jim would come around with his bag of "good-ies" — the strangest records you've ever seen, little plastic skunks, sculptures made by retarded adults, you name it! And this year featured dozens of bird whistles, what fun! Good cheer, good food and some inspired performances followed. I particularly enjoyed **Hoof and Horn**, women singers and a mandolinist doing their witch songs, their union songs and other original celtic-renaissance-neofolk tunes. **Jess Grant** did an impassioned set of songs that took us from the

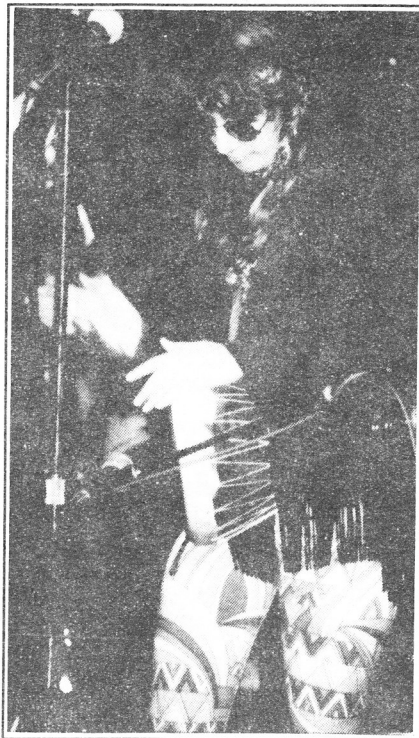
serious to the humorous with a little anti-circumcision campaigning thrown in. **Lisa Palty** performed with band, while **Celeste Conner** brought us poetic images from the rez' and beyond. At the end of the night, Big Jim got up to read, aided (?) by Fred and Lil' Mike on sound effects. The results may not have been what Mondo intended, but it turned into instant audience participation and a riotous good time!

1991 started with a little uncertainty under the **Moon of the Loon**, a motly troupe of players doing a mercenary soldier's version of Scrooge, complete with visiting ghosts and an **Ovarian Trolley**, climaxing when **Les is Moore** thrashed their punk-funk.

On January 12th, **Vomit Launch** from Chico and **X-Tal** helped us count down the few remaining days 'til "Desert Storm." The six-member all-female band **Not My Daughter** opened the show with a metallic, crushing yet melodically crafted set that opened quite a few eyes and ears.

Bailout benefits are the backbone of our existence . . . when the bills come due! We turn to religion when crops fail, when fertility becomes . . . ANYWAY! Late January. **Eskimo**, deftly defying definition with subversive chops and soul, takes the stage to cover us with aural peanut butter. An award for being original and exciting. They sweat a hot set and named

their record after the Komotion mascot cat, **Jack** . . . (did they really?) The **Conspiracy of Equals** brings a string section together with Slavic accordion and crunching rhythm section majesty. **Josef Brinckmann's** songs suggest a world wracked by poison; about to be reborn by the grace of a few blessed lovers. The underground mines of Petrograd interface the pure law of Kreuzberg anarchy! These tunes just don't leave your mind. **Snakewalk** debuted a veil and dance composition at the beginning of their set that captivated with its sway and gorgeous natural and midi textures. All three



Nancy Hall from Snakewalk

singers dance, sing and play percussion seamlessly. The visual dimensions are growing more physical and alive. The rhythm section muscled in as one being; the lead vocals and guitar weaved thru high-frequency ring-modulated calisthenics, rapturous in the extreme! The night closed with **Grotus'** complete tour-de-force of post-industrial gutwrenching baptism. They wore funny hardhelmets with lights beaming all over the room (which was dark.) Arnold LZ said it was happenin' and everyone went home in a trance-like coalminers' stride. These guys use recorded drum tracks quite effectively with the real ones!

We're still trying to figure out **Nebuchadnezzar-Pez-Dispenser** from the Open House on January 30. Part free-improv, Last Poets spoof of a performance with podium? Hey, I don't now, but we liked it. Followed by **Steven Kaufman**, free form dance worship to violin god - hear naked sinew, body sculpture, anarchist violinism in motion. *He was really fine, too!*

The **Bound Together Collective's** anarchist bookstore suffered a spate of broken windows and with a little phone tag we were able to round-up some supporters to do a benefit. Filmmakers Danny Plotnick and Phillip Guilbeau each screened a film followed by tribal-anarcho-wierdo-drummer-cover-and-party animals the **Temple Whores**. They banged away ritualistically on an

assortment of percussive devices. **Wendy-O-Matic** and **Jason Traeger** both spoken wordsters did some short pieces followed by two separate "Power Trios," **Trunk** and **Something Scaley**.

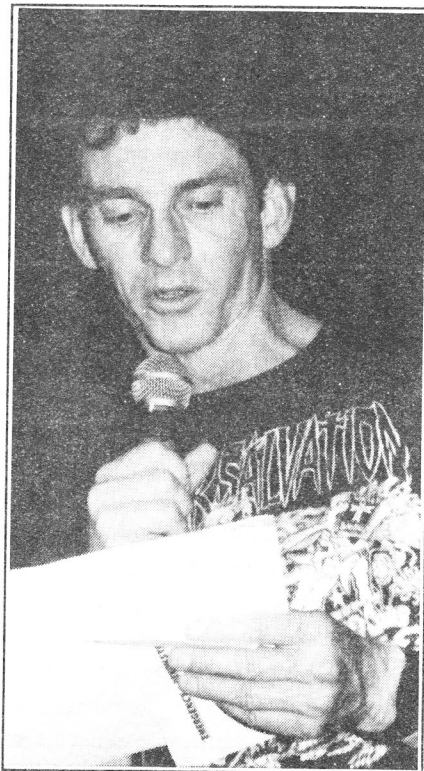
Shred of Dignity, the world's first and most likely only "skater's union" has been putting on guerilla shows for a couple years. Their most recent attempts centered on the Women's Building, where a live compilation recording was pieced together. On March 13th we held a benefit to get it out of the can and onto your turntable. Bands that performed and also appear on the record were the aptly named **Blister** and **Cringer**, as well as the East Bay's pop-punk, clown make-up wearin' **Green Day**. (pop-punk: in other words they were a tight band with good singing, lyrics you could understand and even harmonies, reminded me of the Buzzcocks . . .)

After a month of mass demonstrations, shutting down major freeways, and other forms of activism against the war that seemed to have little effect on the powers that be, the only thing to do was dig in. Everyone was gathering and sharing information, trying to disseminate news about the war, not the Desert Storm Show, hoping that if the real story were told, public sentiment would turn against it. The **Benefit for Anti-War Informational Network** was packed and intense emotions sparked even more intense performances. (Why

does it take a fucking war to create such moments – all the senses on alert, passions out of control, life is dynamic, even **society** is dynamic . . .)

Sabot bit into their material with fiery precision, after which **Peter Plate** exhorted the crowd in one of his most commanding performances. **Don Bajema** finished his set by reading a letter his daughter wrote to the *Chronicle*, that was 100 times more passionate, informed and articulate than anything we had heard from adults in the media. The **Bedlam Rovers** sang songs about the war of survival here at home, ending with a rowdy set by **Thurston Val** (Howl?, Voul?) Earlier, someone in the back of the crowd responded to one of Bajema's rants by saying, "whatever . . ." at which point Don and Peter threatened to go to blows with the dude. At first I thought this confrontational display was really cool, only later did it kind of bother me, like schoolyard posturing . . . but it is true and infuriating – "whatever . . ." seems to encapsulate the fear-veiled-by-complacency attitude of the 90's only too well.

Dubbed the only Bauhaus meets the Sex Pistols meets Killing Joke garage band, circa 1985 Santa Rosa, **Diet Tribe** played at the **Open House** on February 27. Though appearing stiff and awkward early on, they later won the crowd over with their post punk humility, coming back for an encore (a Diet Tribe first, we are told!)



Don Bajema

The organizational network, **Seeds of Peace** (Earth First!) provides logistical support for mass peace and Anti-Nuclear events. Since their inception during the Great Peace March a few years back, they've spent plenty of time and energy working noteworthy sustained demonstrations such as Redwood Summer, the Nevada Test Site and even the Loma Prieta Earthquake. As you can imagine, feeding multiple thousands of people for free is an expensive hobby, so benefit time rolled around again on March 2. **Penelope Houston** yanked her band out of hid-

ing to play a lively (dare we say . . . rockin') set of many new and older tunes. Also registering their musical support were **Endangered Species**, **Tribal Rachel**, **Dave Lippman** and of course the **Wannabe Texans**. Check the recording of their tune "Such a Lovely Life" on the sound magazine for verification of one of this evening's grand moments.

Award winning filmmaker **Rob Nilsson** came to Komotion in March and weaved some video roughs from his upcoming film about the homeless, with spoken word, and audience involvement to create a stimulating performance. He also screened his documentary, "Prairie Fire" which included fascinating stills taken by his grandfather in 1915. **Citizen Fish**, on tour from England, played some great music that combines reggae and punk. We also heard more about the Poll Tax and lyrics drawn

from the experience of the English underclass.

It was indeed Loud, but it also was a great deal of fun for those who partake in such events. **BOMB** and the **Mudwimmin** did their ungodly best to entertain, provoke and pervert the assembled crowd at the **Rolling Scab Record Release Party** on March 30th. Everyone who came received a gold vinyl 7 inch commemorating the existence of the Rolling Scabs, a punk band fronted by 12 year old lead singer, Guiliano "scab" Bourbon, who died last summer. The record featured members of BOMB and friends backing the pre-pubescent vocalist on epics like "My Mom Smokes Pot" and "I Hate my Teacher".

Damn, I think we've done it!



Endangered Species

HARRY PARISHER November - December 1990

Intricate dark toned prints, lithography, line etching, aqua tints. Lingering/fading background for lizards and oriental characters draw you in to study detail.

ARTIST FOR PEACE January - March 1991

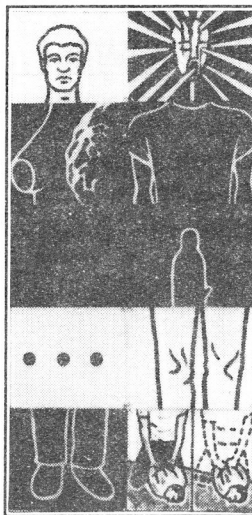
Fifteen artists filled our funky artspace with animate carved frames, oil impressed anti-art, bejeweled glitter hides, meditative zen monk photos, naked twister dancing, Lucille Ball dementia, extreme politic/sanity silkscreen prints, lifesize walk-in paintings, chicken-wire/cement/photo assemblages, non-thematically oriented in this ARTIST FOR PEACE show *because IF YOUR HANDS ARE ON YOUR ART—THEY ARE NOT KILLING!!* Process! Process! Process! Process! Process! Process! Artists included: Janet Oravec, Richard Olsen, Doug Minkler, Celeste, Susan Emerson, Lionel McNeeley, Sarah Von Roosevelt, Lisanne, Brad Caswell and more! ARTIST FOR PEACE continued a second month with the addition of an alter to honor the recently deceased, Jim Lindstrom (aka Mondo Hagar, our gourmet chef in residence.) Rest with love, Big Jim. Later the declining alter was replaced by an elaborate assemblage with personal and public memorabilia and junk to honor Jim and question the war and reality in general... complete with ornate magnifying glass to enhance exploration of its layered dementationality and less accessible niches — with love to all, ya'll, from Celeste!

BILL CARTER March - April 1991

Vivid color photos, meditative studies of the holy and grotesquely magic — man eating lizards, prayers within pillars, seamless time, eyes return stark unembarrassed glare to viewer, uncliche realities of the austere and uncheapered banal. Nepal, Tibet, Egypt, India... Bill Carter transports us with his mastery of photographic imagery.

— Celeste Conner, Komotion Gallery Coordinator

ART NOTES



"Totemizer"
by Richard Olsen

ARTIST INFO

The DAT
recordings on
this sound
magazine are
done live by
hanging two
microphones
from the ceiling
of our
performance
space. What you
hear is exactly
what happened
that night.

BIG JIM LINDSTROM (1942-1991)— This is an excerpt from the last reading by our much missed chef, drinking buddy and poet laureate, Mondo Hagar Jim. A man whose love and soul were too big to be constrained by this earthly realm. Since his last visit to Komotion, it has been rumored he has been serving monthly smorgasbords to the gods.

SHARKBAIT — Known for their frenzied multimedia assaults and chaotic aural barrages, Sharkbait has been kicking up clouds of industrial waste around these parts for years. Their second album, "Blowtorch Facelift," is now available via Primatech and somehow manages to contain the fury of their live show in a streamlined studio recording. Here they just let it all hang out.

CITIZEN FISH played their first U.S show at Komotion and this track was taken from that night this past March 13th. For those who can't comprehend vocalist Dick's cockney accent, the song is entitled *Charity* and describes the absurd motivations and hidden realities of many mass fundraising scams. If that voice seems familiar, it's because Dick was also the voice of The Subhumans a few years back.

STEELPOLE BATHTUB JIZ QUEERTET — These malcontents in the guise of overly sensitive artiste types have been plaguing S.F for years with their annoying pretentious sonic garbage. Finally they were convinced that to get a gig at Komotion they would have to do more than use globs of sludge as a substitute for a musical lexicon. So they unveiled a très cool stylish shit-kickin whiteboy bebop experiment that fills the void nicely between bluffing and bullshitting.

SNAKEWALK — This slithering musical beast continues to evolve, shifting members and musical styles over the past few years. The two constants since their days in Big City, vocalist Robin Banks and guitarist Joe Gore ground the diverse elements into a percussive heavy blend with plenty of over the top guitar work. *Ten Men* reinterprets the actions of those who plot our secret and not so secret national policies.

MARIA YATAR — Hails from Guam, and while she was in San Francisco was inspired by a Chinese street musician's melody and came up with *Yangtze*. It is performed by her backup band, Tasinova, featured instruments are the 'ud played by Claude Palmer and Chris Ranzo on ukelele. A collection of her songs is available on her tape "Makpo."

STEVE YERKEY AND CHUCK PROPHET — Yerkey has one of the loneliest, most soulful yodels to ever reverberate down through our hallway and onto the sidewalk. Joined by Chuck "lightning rod" Prophet on this jam, Steve also has a track on the new Komotion International compilation album and a full album of his work in the can waiting for release. Currently strumming around Austin, Texas, everyone here wishes him the best of luck.

X-TAL — A San Francisco band not exactly known for their hip-hop influences, rip into a "respectful" cover of Boogie Down Productions' *Illegal Business* and get away with it. Unlikely to ever appear on an actual release, we thought it a nice choice to showcase this perennial garage outfit that always finds the ability to rock while spewing copious amounts of stinging social commentary.

MICHAEL FRANTI AND CHARLIE HUNTER — Michael Franti's latest project since the dissolution of the Beatnigs is Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, a full on stage and

**We hope you'll
enjoy the *Live
and Kicking*
series and
appreciate your
support. The
third edition of
this series will
appear in the fall
of '91, and your
suggestions are
welcome**

and studio assault due any day now. During the down time needed to prepare and get it together, Michael and Charlie began performing as a duo in small local venues. Their first gig was at Komotion last September and this song, "Music and Politics" was a definite highlight.

WANNABE TEXANS have a knack for finding the lonely down-trodden redneck souls hidden amidst the cappuccino guzzlin' nuevo bohemian herds that fill up darkened caves anticipating their healing tones. With equal parts Johnny Langford, Johnny Rotten, Johnny Cash, Johnny-On-The-Spot, and Johnette Napolitano, the Wannabes' exist on a plain all their own. They have a new record out on the Mekons' Sin label, but unless you live in England it'll probably be impossible at best to find. As they wallow in beloved obscurity, take solace in the knowledge that it's such a lovely life and there's another "Hee Haw for Peace" up around the bend and you can bet the Wannabe's will be there . .

BANA WITT— Former sex-slave, computer librarian and jeweler, poet and Boswell to the generation to the damned, this piece is an excerpt from her unpublished book, *Mobius Strip*. She is joined by Barbara Ockle on electronic percussion.

CHUMBAWAMBA — During the early 80s, in Thatcher's Britain, a post-punk malaise hung over the industrial city of Leeds and out of the environment arose Chumbawamba. Combining aspects of energetic aggressive rock-n-roll and all-out revelutinary agit-prop theater. Their music falls somewhere in the grey zone where Elvis, the MC 5, Crass, the Fall, house music, and olde English folk songs meet. A diverse group of seven, they cooperate to create an optimistic, yet realistic look at a complex world in desperate need of change. Rappoport's *Testament* is inspired by an account of time spent at Auschwitz, from the book, "moments of reprieve" by Primo Levi.

KOMOTION KATALOG

KOMOTION INTERNATIONAL (the album)

A collection of music and spoken word performances from some of the SF Bay Area's best! Diverse and provocative work by Alejandro Murguia, World Entertainment War, Po Go Bo, Penelope Houston, Peter Plate, Ogie Yocha, Snakewalk, Yeastie Girlz, Sister Double Happiness, Don Bajerna, Beatnigs and Looters. \$7.00 LP or Cassette + \$2.00 shipping

KOMOTION ANTHOLOGY

The complete set of newsletters (the precursor of this magazine) from March 1987 to May 1988. Also featuring art by Celeste Connor, Winston Smith and Tim Wicks, including color xerox. This book is 90 pages, printed in a limited edition. \$10.00 + \$2.00 shipping

KOMOTION Issue #2

Number 1 is sold out. A few number 2's are still available. Articles on the theme of culture and commerce, "fine art" and funk, "Hip" Pop and Power as well as poetry, record reviews and much, much more. \$2.00 + \$1.00 shipping

KOMOTION Issue #3

Disinformation in the Information Age: topics include manipulation of public opinion through film and photography, the Genome Project (to completely identify human DNA,) plus the French Revolution — 200 years later, poetry, stories, artwork by Richard Olsen and others, and the ever popular "Newz and Reviewz." \$2.00 + \$1.00 shipping

KOMOTION Issue #4

The End of History: Extraordinary George Clinton interview, poetry from Claude Palmer and Adam Cordford, art by Chuck Sperry and Winston Smith, "Newz and Reviewz," Record Rants, stories, and mucho more. \$2.00 + \$1.00 shipping

KOMOTION Issue #5

Live and Kicking

The first Sound Mag! Includes cassette of live shows at Klub Komotion. Performances by Primus, Looters, Zvuki Mu (from USSR), Pamela Z and many others. Art by Freddie Baer, Voodoo Chile, the Culture Industry and more! \$5.00 + \$1.50 shipping.

ABUNDANT FUCK

A new book featuring exploratory sexual and political performance texts from Keith Hennessy, Stephen O'Dwyer, and Anne Rosencranze. \$6.00 + \$1.00 shipping.

DEVOURING NOT BOMBS

A compilation featuring bands from San Francisco's new folk scene: Bedlam Rovers, Penelope Houston, Longshoremen, Wannabe Texans, Muskrats, and Terminators of Endearment. Proceeds go to benefit the Food, Not Bombs organization. \$7.00 lp, \$10.00 cd + \$2.00 shipping.

FLASHPOINT - The Video!

Directed by Mary Liz Thomson, this is a full-length visualization of the world at flashpoint with the Looters' LP as the soundtrack. Colliding images and interviews with the band and others makes for must viewing. \$15.00 + \$2.00 shipping

NATIVE TONGUE

A spoken word journey with the voices of Alejandro Murguia, Al Robles, David Volpendesta, Ana Castio, Xam Cartier, Q.R. Hand, Jack Hirschman, and Janice Mirikitani. Recorded at Komotion and embellished with full color graphics by Sal Garcia. \$7.00 cassette + \$2.00 shipping.

SF FLYER ART SHOW T-SHIRTS

Two-color day-glo commemorative print featuring the artwork of notori-

ous graphic-graphic artist Max Malice. Very limited and unlike anything in Senator Jesse Helm's wardrobe. \$9.00 + \$2.00 shipping.

SIDES - Looters EP

Limited pressing from Raizer X Records including title cut in both short form and extended dance mix, Wrong Beach, Follow Me and Flag For Sunrise. \$7.00 record or cassette + \$2.00 shipping

YOUR SILENCE WILL NOT PROTECT YOU

90 minutes of innovative work by Black and North American Indian poets and performers — the Beatnigs, Benjamin Zephaniah, Jeannette Armstrong, Lee Maracle, Chuck D, Kateri Damm, Celeste Connor, Macka B, and many others. \$7.00 Cassette + \$2.00 shipping

FROM THE GALLERY

Should anyone wish to purchase any of the art shown at Komotion contact us and we'll put you in touch with the artist or artists.

To order, send checks or money orders made out to Komotion International to:

**KOMOTION INTERNATIONAL
P.O. BOX 410502
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94141-0502**

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Komotion is an artists' collective, an alternative, an experiment . . . run by all-volunteer labor. We try to create an environment that inspires and informs. Besides being the home of some 40 musicians who rehearse and record here, we have evening events that are adventurous and bring forward special talent. We have presented music of all kinds as well as poetry, performance art, films, video, dance, an art gallery, and hosted many benefits. A core of writers works on our magazine which provides a forum for debate around cultural and political issues. We have also released a compilation album, **Komotion International**, with Volume II on the way.

How We Operate. Komotion doesn't pay the performers, except to cover their expenses. The door charge, drinks, etc., are so low that we can only cover the rent and basic expenses from the parties. Even without pay, however, many new acts and established artists have chosen to perform here. The actual scheduling of events, editing of the magazine, etc., is done by committee in a kind of anarchistic fashion. We find things to be livelier with as few rules and policies as possible.

MEMBERSHIP. Komotion has a current memberships of about 300 locally and another 100 or so internationally. At this point, our events are not "membership only" but becoming a member is an expression of support for a center of this kind. On

our tenuous budget, **we need your support** to continue. Becoming a member means contributing money or something needed for the Klub's operation.

\$10 Membership. Includes a subscription to the Komotion sound magazine and schedules of monthly events are mailed to you. The cassette portion of the Komotion sound magazine is available to member for \$3.00 at the club. Your Komotion card gets you a discount to all shows (some benefits excluded). The card is good for one year.

\$50 Membership. Includes the above, plus free admission to all events for you for a year. Primarily, it is for people who want to (and are able to) more fully support our efforts. This makes you a "sustaining" member.

\$15 Subscription. Three issues of the Komotion sound magazine. (Outside the U.S., the subscription is \$20, please mail money in U.S. funds or international money order.)

Write to us at:

**KOMOTION INTERNATIONAL
P.O. BOX 410502
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141-0502**

The Victors

